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these instruments, and for M. Ritter, and Mme. Escudier-Kastner, who had accepted the agreeable mission to introduce them to a choice public. Mr. Ritter played with his correct method and high talent, his Oantasia on Rigolotto, a marche, and a caprine of his own composition, called "Le Courier."

Mme. Kastner-Escudier, who had only been notified in the morning, played among other pieces, with M. Ritter, a grand four-handed piece on the "*Songe d'une nuit d'été*." Her nervous, energetic, impassioned playing, carried away her audience, warmed her eminent coadjutor, and the piece worked up with such inexpressible *verve*, closed amid enthusiastic applause. In another piece, Mme. Kastner obtained from the instrument effects altogether astonishing.

To conclude, the exhibition of last Saturday was of an exceptionable and remarkable character, for at the same day, and nearly at the same hour, artists of equal merit played upon the other pianos from America, sent to compete with the Chickering's and with the productions of European manufacturers, and no better opportunity could have occurred to compare them. The victory of this courteous trial remains with Messrs. Chickering.

DISTRIBUTION OF PIANOFORTES.

The first monthly distribution of pianofortes by the United States Mutual Pianoforte Association, took place at Dodworth Hall, last Tuesday evening, before a large audience. An elegant musical entertainment was given, at which several eminent artists assisted. The instruments were examined, and very thoroughly tried, displaying a very charming tone, and much power. They are faithfully made, and are excellent instruments.

After the concert the President, E. M. Carrington, Esq., explained the objects of the association, which is chartered, read the by-laws, and proceeded to the distribution. The rivalry for possession was quite animated, and the instruments were finally conceded to two members who paid an advance price severally of fifty and sixty dollars, the balance to be paid in monthly installments of ten dollars.

A number of new members entered their names during the evening. The association is in a flourishing condition, its advantages becoming understood by the public at large.

A WELL-DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Tissington, the able and excellent leader of the orchestra of the New York Theatre, received the following well-deserved compliment from the Managers of that establishment on their retiring from its control:

NEW YORK THEATRE,
April 25th, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. TISSINGTON:

In regard to next season, I regret (for your sake, that I shall not be in management. In bidding you temporarily good-bye, I cannot refrain from expressing to you my very high appreciation of your abilities as a Conductor, the more so,

since it was partially unexpected. I have had some of the most eminent musicians in the country as leaders under my management, and can candidly and conscientiously declare, that I have never experienced more satisfactory ability, more admirable taste in selecting or composing, or more cheerful attention to business.

Wherever you may go next season you will have my warmest wishes for your success.

Yours truly,

LEWIS BAKER.

Mr. Tissington proved his ability to fill the position of leader. During his administration he produced the music to the following burlesques—Valiant Valentine, Lady Audley's Secret, and Perdita; Griffith Gaunt, a drama, and Cendrillon and Bird of Paradise, extravaganzas, all of which was well selected and composed. Mr. Henry Tissington will from this time assume the orchestral direction of the Broadway Theatre, where he will also, doubtless, make his mark,

SCHEME FOR AN ORGAN FOR ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH, N. Y.

Designed by Stanbridge, of Philadelphia. Four Manuals and Pedals. Manuals, C to A. Pedals, CCC to E.

GREAT ORGAN.

| | | |
|------------------------|------------------|----|
| Bourdon, 16 feet, | Flauto Traverso, | |
| Open Diapason, 16 ft., | Twelfth, | |
| Gamba, | Fifteenth, | |
| Dulcissima, | Sesquialtera, | |
| Melodia, | Mixture, | |
| Stop Diapason, | Trumpet, | |
| Principal, | Octave Trumpet. | 15 |
| Violin, | | |

SWELL ORGAN.

| | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|----|
| Bourdon, 16 feet, | Clarinet, | |
| Open Diapason, 8 feet, | Twelfth, | |
| Viol d'Amour, | Fifteenth, | |
| Clarabella Angelica, | Seventeenth, | |
| Stop Diapason, Bass, | Sesquialtera, 2 ranks, | |
| " " Treble, | Trumpet, | |
| Principal, | Hautboy, | |
| Chimney Flute, | Tremulant. | 16 |

CHOIR ORGAN.

| | | |
|------------------------|----------------|----|
| Open Diapason, 8 feet, | Chimney Flute, | |
| Keraulophon, | Twelfth, | |
| Violin d'Amour, | Fifteenth, | |
| Stop Diapason, | Mixture, | |
| Principal, | Clarinet. | 10 |

SOLO ORGAN.

| | | |
|------------------------|------------------|---|
| Open Diapason, 8 feet, | Trumpet, | |
| Harmonic Flute, | Orchestral Oboe. | 4 |

PEDAL ORGAN.

| | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|---|
| Double Open Diapason, 16 ft. | Stop Diapason, 16 ft. | |
| Double Dulciana, | Double Trumpet, | 5 |
| | Violoncello. | |

Total.....50

Two effective stops have been added—"Bells" and "Storm," making its present contents 52 full stops.

This organ is richly and brilliantly encased, has good tone and sufficient power for the church where placed, and many of its solo or fancy stops are remarkable for beauty.

Its builder, Mr. Stanbridge, is now engaged upon a large organ for the Cathedral in Philadelphia. The cost of this organ was much increased by elaborate casing and unique arrangement of gas to show it off.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Theatric horizon at present is covered with but few clouds of novelty demanding especial attention. Hackett commenced a successful engagement at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening, making his first bow in his time-honored performance of Falstaff. Brougham still makes funny speeches at the Olympic. The Worrell Sisters have replaced "Aladdin" by "The Elves," are having crowded houses, receiving unlimited bouquets, and amusing themselves and the public generally. "Flying Scud" still flies and the Japanese still climb—both to crowded houses. The managers are happy, and this being the case, why should not be

STUGGE.

(For the American Art Journal.)

WOOD—FERN.

Oh tender fern,
Dost thou too yearn
For woods, and lakes to-day?
Can'st thou recall
Through city wall
Thy wild home far away?

Before my eyes
Soft pictures rise,
Of haunts where once ye grew;
'Neath forest trees,
In summer breeze
To wave for me anew.

The ceaseless din
Without—within;
The city's endless roar,
Is past and done,
My rest is won
Through memory's open door!

These longing eyes,
With thankful sighs,
May view that Promised Land
Where wearied feet,
From crowded street
Are never more to stand!

On grassy mound,
By mosses bound
I lie to-day, and dream,
While at my feet;
By pathway steep
The lake's blue waters gleam

I hear once more,
On sandy shore
The lazy ripples flow,
Or catch the flash
And sudden dash
Of wild bird skimming low.

The rustling leaves
Like dripping eaves,
Are softly whispering sleep,
But rested eyes,
Beneath such skies,
Would fain their vision keep.

The velvet ground,
My couch around
With treasures is aglow,
'Neath emerald fern
Bright berries burn;
Like coral—born of snow.

For blossoms fair
Are gleaming there,
On the same tender stem;
And close at hand,
More stately stand,
Full many a dark blue gem.

Above my head
The old trees spread,
Like arches dark and dim;
While through them float
The long sad note,
Of forest bird's sweet hymn.

In tender peace,
Life's troubles cease,
Within that holy land,
There life's salt tears,
And bitter fears,
Seem soothed by God's own hand!

Yet little fern
We still must yearn—
The vision all is o'er;
And this sad soul,
Though seasons roll,
May see that land no more!
May 13, 1867.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

PARIS, Feb. 14th.

To fully appreciate the superlative beauty of Queenstown, one should have come over the sea: then the eye, wearied with three thousand miles of water-prospect, finds sweet relief in the green cliffs that terrace the harbor and encircle this lovely little seaport. The rising sun heightened the beauty of sky and landscape, from which the morning freshness had not yet departed, as our ship rounded a projecting bluff, and anchored outside the harbor, there to wait for the little tender that came puffing and careening out to take off our mails and the few passengers who, in travelling parlance, wished to "do" Ireland, before visiting England and the Continent.

We expected to have passed Queenstown in the night, but about 11 o'clock a direful fog—that terror to mariners—arose, arresting the ship's course, and filling with inquietude the minds of the passengers. To the fog was added a new terror for the nervous, by the fearful brayings of the "donkey," as the sailors term the windlass that is used to cast the ship's soundings.

This detention, instead of proving an annoyance, afforded us a new pleasure, as it obtained for us a view of the green coasts of old Ireland, while drifting slowly along, this lovely fresh morning. Many points of interest were designated by our splendid Captain, aided by the ship's glass. I saw upon a high eminence an old ruined castle, eleven hundred years old, the Captain told me. Soon after we passed King's Sail, famous as being the point where the unfortunate James II. landed in Ireland, after his abdication.

The distance from Queenstown to Liverpool is two hundred and fifty miles. The sail through the Irish Sea is easily effected in twenty-four hours. Upon bright days the passage is very charming: as we glide down between the two coasts we catch glimpses of the picturesque shores of Wales, and again of the retreating, romantic coast of Ireland. It is wonderful what an effect the approach of land has upon the sea-sick passengers, those who have stoutly resisted all the entreaties and authority of the stewardess to go upon the deck during the voyage, are the first to hasten there as soon as the report that we are nearing Queenstown reaches them, to regale themselves with a view of imaginary land. The morning that we were approaching Queenstown, I went early upon the deck, where I found the Captain reposing in a large easy chair, after the fatigue of a sleepless night passed upon the bridge. We were still many miles from Queenstown, but the bustle preparatory for arrival had already commenced. I was scarcely prepared, however, for one sight that met my eyes—that of a gentleman—an American, our British Captain maliciously asserted—who with carpet-bag and umbrella was rapidly hastening towards the fore part of the ship. Laughing heartily, the Captain inquired of me at which port the gentleman intended to disembark.

Liverpool greeted us with its accustomed morning fog, and although the sun was high in the heavens before our disembarkation, no glistening ray penetrated the thick, murky veil that lay like a pall upon this grim city. Parting after so many days of compulsory intercourse can never be a matter of indifference, and in this case, although our list of passengers contained no name more celebrated than that of Mr. Jordan, an actor well known to the New York public, yet my heart grew soft even towards the Spanish Don when I saw him striving to reclaim his dog from confiscation by the hands of Victor, the inexorable Custom House Officer. In vain he asserted that the dog's passage had been paid from Panama, his ticket did not record it, and Victor must have other proof than the oath of this errant knight.

While waiting at the Liverpool station for the morning train, I strolled along the platform looking at the book stalls. The first book that I noticed purported to belong to the "Standard American Library," and was adorned with a gorgeous illustration in many colors, representing a young squaw in a tragic attitude. My curiosity was sufficient to lead me to examine the book, but alas for American literature if that is to serve as a specimen. It was a thrilling narrative, filled with battles and massacres of whites and Indians, and comfortably ending by every body being tomahawked.

The next book that I observed was entitled "Friend Eli's Daughter, and other Tales." I recognized the title as that of a story of Bayard Taylor's, published some years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly," but upon turning to the title page found that the publisher gave not the slightest trace to its authorship. It formed one of a collection of short stories by American authors. It was brilliantly bound, and bore upon its cover a really pretty picture of the modest young Quakeress, with lowered eyes, standing in an open field beside her worldly lover.

Looking further, I found a meagre volume of Poe's works, made up of the irrepressible Raven, a few other of his less abused poems, several of

his pungent critiques, and the volume closing with two or three of his extraordinary imaginative tales.

From Liverpool to London the mail train conveys us in five hours. The route is paradisaical, if you omit the dusky manufacturing towns through which we pass as our course extends from the northwestern coast of England to the southern shore of this beautiful island. The homes of England have been portrayed and eulogized by poets and essayists of every clime, but among recent writers none have elucidated more charmingly the rural aspects of England than our own dear dead Hawthorne of blessed memory. With the descriptive words of this brilliant writer reverberating in my mind, I was sped over the green fields, and past the moss-roofed cottages that enliven the picturesque aspect of this "beautiful isle of the sea." The transition from New York that I had left eleven days previous ice-bound, and buried deep in snow to these green meadows of up-springing grass was surprisingly cheering, and although the face of Nature still wore a dusky hue, the air was mild and sultry as an April morn. Once when midway to London the sun for a moment burst through the sooty clouds of coal smoke, but nearing the vicinity of Northampton, he withdrew his amber beams, and again concealed his bright face behind his dingy shield. We missed the bloom of the bright hued flowers that had adorned the gardens in other times, and the field daisies and yellow buttercups that make the meadows of England so conspicuous for rural loveliness. The herds of cattle were grazing in the open fields, and the accustomed flocks of crows were whirling through the air, or reposing on the branches of the leafless trees.

London, like the ocean impresses the mind with power, vastness and sublimity. Its forests of stone houses astonish, bewilder, depress. Its turgid waters, its massive, dingy palaces, its lofty, spectral towers are wrapped in an eternal gloom of cloud-smoke. Everything in London is on a scale of magnitude that inspires wonder. Levathan bridges, limitless parks, stupendous grandeur, and exaggerated abjectness. It is impossible to describe this mighty city, one can only write a general impression. To give details would transcend the scope of an ordinary pen.

The evening gloom was deepening over the city as we entered the Euston Station. London hotels enjoy a fair reputation for comfort, quiet and exorbitant prices. The Victoria-hotel situated opposite the Euston station will perhaps satisfy the stranger as well as any of the more ambitious hotels. Its situation is advantageous for travelers, the building immense, and the rates of the rooms graduated according to their commodiousness. For three shillings English, one can make a good breakfast, that is, a cup of coffee and chops, with rolls and butter.

From London to Paris there are three routes: New Haven and Dieppe is the longest and cheapest, the passage across the Channel takes six hours. The Dover and Calais route is more expensive and less traveled. The time of departure depends entirely upon the tide.

At a quarter past one, we left Charing Cross station by the S. E. train for Folkestone. The day was warm, but there was no gleam of sun to animate the landscape until we reached the low downs that indicate the vicinity of the Channel. But still everything wore a vernal appearance in the fields, men were ploughing up the brown